

by the roadside he would not touch it for the world! And thus the game multiplies at such a rate that the whole country swarms with it, and the Emperor gets as much as he could desire. Beyond the term I have mentioned, however, to wit, that from March to October, everybody may take these animals as he lists.

After the Emperor has tarried in that place, enjoying his sport as I have related, from March to the middle of May, he moves with all his people, and returns straight to his capital city of Cambaluc (which is also the capital of Cathay, as you have been told), but all the while continuing to take his diversion in hunting and hawking as he goes along.

In those days hunting with hawks and falcons was called a royal sport, although we should consider it rather cruel to chase the birds of the air with fierce birds of prey which are the natural enemies of the game

birds. But that was certainly a royal manner of hunting in which Kublai Khan went to the field. Carried in a fine chamber lined with gold and covered with choice skins, and borne by a double team of elephants, Kublai Khan had only to sit and view the scenery until called by his barons to look out for the game that had been scared up for him. No wonder that Marco exclaims in his enthusiasm that he does not believe that any other man in the world has such rare opportunities for sport! But the great Emperor had one drawback, which must have reminded him that he was, after all, only a common mortal. With all his magnificence, riches, and opportunities for enjoyment, this gorgeous monarch had the gout!

(To be continued.)

SANTA CLAUS STREET IN JINGLETOWN.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

EVERY night when the lamps are lit,
And the stars through the curtain begin to
peep—
When pussy has grown too tired to play,
And has laid herself down on the rug to
sleep—
When the spoon drops into the empty bowl
(For baby has eaten her bread and milk),
And bright eyes hide behind drooping lids,
Fringed with lashes as soft as silk—
When I lift my baby and fold her bib,
And carry her off to her little crib,
She whispers: “Before we cuddle down
Let us take a journey to Jingletown.”

Oh, Jingletown is a wonderful town!
Mother Goose lives on its finest square,
And little Jack Horner bought his pie
At one of the bakers’ shops there.
The House that Jack Built stands near the
church

Where they sounded Cock Robin’s knell,
And Little Bo Peep there lost her sheep,
When she took them to town to sell.
But the funniest thing of all is this—
You must stop at the toll-gate and pay a kiss!
For the tiniest tear or the slightest frown
Will keep a child out of Jingletown.

When we go, I follow my baby’s lead,
But, oh! she never wants to rest,
And I walk the streets of the queer old town
In a never-ending quest.
But the street that my darling loves the most
Is bordered with trees of evergreen,
Whose branches droop to the ground, and
show
The twinkling lights between.
There the merriest children swarm,
And my darling lingers, wrapped up warm
In her traveling robe of eider-down—
Santa Claus street, in Jingletown!